

# Grand Theft Auto: The Life Chose Me

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Summary: Meet Derrick Meighan, Joseph Mazzeo, and Catherine Medina-Lopez; three of Los Santos most ruthless criminals. Follow each of them as they work alongside each other and cross paths each in the pursuit of the all mighty dollar. In the end only one can stand triumphant in a business where there is no second place. Who will it be?

## Grand Theft Auto: The Life Chose Me

**\*\*Derrick\*\***

**\_\*\*From Boilingbrook with Love\*\*\_**

Derrick Meighan took a deep breath and held it in. It stunk of hot asphalt, car exhaust, and gasoline. Not his first choice for his first taste of free air in five years but he wasn't complaining, after all beggars couldn't be choosers. He smiled and hoisted the garbage bag full of belongings over one shoulder, he was elated the way that only one who had just finished a long prison sentence could be. Thoughts of his mom slow grilled baby back ribs and ice cold pisswassers filled his head as he walked down the steps of the Boilingbrook Penitentiary. But first there was business that he needed to take care off. He had made a promise to someone on the inside to handle something for that person as soon as he touched the outside and Derrick was many thing; a liar, a drug dealer, a thief, and a drug dealer; but what he was not was a person who made light of a promise. A man's word was his bond.

It was noon in high summer and that meant that Blaine County was as hot as the devil's backyard. Though having only been waiting on the steps of the prison for ten minutes Derrick already had a stream of sweat running down his back. He squinted out at the heat wave that enveloped the neatly parked police cars a few feet to the right of the step and the pavement beyond them as well. He almost wished that he was back inside of the air conditioned processing office behind him. Almost but not quite. Derrick detachedly watched as another

police Cruiser pulled up and two officers got out and dragged a screaming woman out of the back. She was a pretty Latina girl in her late teens, probably no older than seventeen and almost certainly her first time in custody judging from the level of hysterics that she was putting on. Derrick watched with amusement as she tried to dash away only to be stopped cold in her tracks by one of the officers who had been prepared for just such a move.

"Get the fuck out of the way." One of the officers snapped at Derrick as he physically dragged the screaming girl along. Derrick wordlessly stepped out of his path. It was none of his business and he was enjoying his newfound freedom way too much to needlessly jeopardize it so soon.

"I didn't do it I swear!" The girl hollered struggling every inch of the way. "Ask Sarah! Ask her. It wasn't me. I wanna go home. I wanna go home."

"Shut the fuck up bitch." The officer gave her a heavy one handed shove that sent her through the swivel door face first.

"We can add resisting arrest to the theft charge as well." The other officer mused bringing up the rear. "And harm. Little cunt bit me. That ought to be nuff to keep her tight. Less of these roaches out here the better. Stupid Mexicans."

"Los Santos finest." Derrick said wryly. With a shrug he hefted his garbage bag and kept on his way. He well remembered his first stay at the pen. He had been younger than the girl was probably. A newly jumped in member of the Grove Street Ballas he had been drunk on power and cheap vodka. That probably explained why robbing the neighbourhood Korean grocer had seem like such an excellent idea. Derrick smiled bitterly as he remembered the following disaster. Of course the grocer had been robbed so often that he had taken precautions. When Derrick and two other friends had charged in guns drawn the Korean grandpa had greeted them with both barrels of his licensed pump action shotgun. The only reason that Derrick had survived was that his boy Tyreek had been directly in front of him and had taken the brunt of the pellets, being killed instantly. Scared fifteen year old Derrick had done what came natural, he promptly dropped his gun and ran like hell. He ran all the way home and spent the rest of the night pacing and trembling in his room. By the next morning the pigs were knocking at his door; robbing a man that sold you your morning bread proved to be as stupid as it sounded on paper. His fingerprints on the abandoned gun and a firsthand eyewitness testimony were more than enough to airtight seal the case. Derrick stroked his clean shaven cheek with his index finger as he passed through the gates of the police compound and unto the sidewalk. He had went to prison a scared unsure boy and emerged a man. When you were a kid on the inside it was either that or die. Though he wished that he had been smarter Derrick found that he could not knock his time in prison. Sure being incarcerated was the most humiliating event a man could be submitted to. It was dehumanizing in a way few other things could ever be. You were completely stripped of your identify and in place of it given a number worth a portion of a monthly budget. You were prodded and abused and corralled like a petting zoo animal. But you got to meet people you would never normally meet and learn things you would never normally know. His most recent stint had been particularly lucrative in both those fields. Just the thought of it caused Derrick to grin deeply. Just

then a black deeply tinted Landstalker pulled out of the lane of traffic and smoothly came to a stop on the sidewalk a few feet ahead of Derrick. The man's smile deepened when the door was thrown open and a man that Derrick had not seen in five years jumped out of the vehicle. He was dressed in a purple Boars jersey, baggy Perseus jeans, and sand colour Hinterland boots. A gold Cuban chain with a cross medal and a gold hoop in each ear gave him the impression of wealth. Latrell Smith was Belizean by birth but had come to America so young that it made no never mind. He was not a tall man, he was five inches shorter than Derrick's six feet one, but he was a stout one. A new found obsession with bodybuilding had sculpted the portliness that Derrick recalled into heavy muscle. The bare arms which showed from the purple Boars jersey he wore were like construction derricks and his neck was now as thick as a bull's. Where Derrick was clean shaven Latrell sported a five o clock shadow and a messy goatee. Where Derrick wore his hair in mini dreadlock twists Latrell hair was close sheared into a fade. Three tear drops were tattooed under his left eye and on his neck there was the name \_Balling\_ in stylized script. The word \_FK All Day\_ were tattooed up his left forearm and a tribal sleeve ran from his right bicep down to his wrist.

"Big Trell," Derrick shouted in greeting throwing his bag to the ground and holding his arms wide. The man rushed to his embrace and gave Derrick a bone crushing hug.

"Rickey M," Latrell Smith shouted back. "My nigga! What's good balla?" The two released each other and gripped hands in greeting.

"We missed you out here something fierce dawg. A lot a shit popped off when you was behind the wall man. You know that\_"

"Lets get something to eat." Derrick interrupted releasing his friend's hand. He reached down and grabbed his garbage bag. "We can rap while we eat. I just spent five fucking years eating cups of rice and reheated rat meat or some shit." The memory caused him to shudder.

"I'd kill for some fucking ribs and a cold one. There's this place in Grapeseed. El Burro by the name. Lets hit there. "

Latrell laughed and returned to the driver's side as his friend tossed his bag in the backseat before climbing into the passenger's side.

"Aight mothafucka." Latrell said. He started the car and pulled out of parking, smoothly slipping back into the flow of traffic. "Lets go eat."

Derrick melted back into his seat and closed his eyes in silent contentment. It was finally hitting home. He was out. He was a free man. This time he intended to keep it that way. He made a silent vow upon his mother's grave that he would never again call a six by eight feet cell home. There were big plans in his future and none of them included a prison cell. They blew past miles of scorched desert while making small talk and catching up. The catching up mostly one sided. Five years was a long time after all and quite a bit could change in that span. Especially for men like Derrick and Latrell who lived the type of life that they lived. For example in quick order Derrick

learned that the alliance between Brough Ave and Nutdel Street had fractured. That their homeboys Ray Z and Brandon had both been killed in separate drivebys. And that their big homie Karl had been grabbed by the pigs a couple year back and was facing a life sentence, the third of his three strikes being up. Derrick listened carefully as Latrell waxed on; telling him all the goings on. He stared through the window watching the empty barren wasteland that was Blaine County flash on by at sixty four miles per hour. Every word that Latrell spoke painted a clearer and clearer picture to Derrick and a few more probing questions confirmed it. Finally Derrick held up a hand interrupting his friend's passionate tirade.

"So let me get this shit straight." He said. "You saying that Karl's on the inside, that that buster ass punk D's in the ground, and that we beefing with the Nutdel Street Killas now? Things be that fucked up huh?"

"I was saving the worst for last," Latrell said as he turned down another lane. The sober tone of voice from the normally foolhardy always joking about the worst situation kid was enough to quickly catch Derrick's attention.

"I'm telling you Rick 2013 was a bad year dawg. I swear."

"Spit it."

"When we push through you gonna find that the block's a bit vacant." Latrell said grimly. "We lost about thirty fucking people in a three way throw down n with a couple a bitch niggas from the Families and one time. A lot of people we know. A lot more we don't."

Derrick gaped at him in wordless disbelief. He had heard the rumours before, the thing about prison was that it was almost the executive headquarters for most criminal enterprises on the streets for the sole reason that almost all criminals would spend some portion of time behind the wall. In fact, most of the high level hierarchy in most of San Andrean gangs were now inside permanently and that meant that there was little that went on the street that wasn't sanctioned on the inside first, of the little which did occur it was reported by street subordinates to higher ups on the inside asap. Basically there was no better gathering ground for information about the streets than inside of prison making it no wonder that Derrick had heard this story before. But hearing it from random ass people in exaggerated snatches and rumours and hearing it directly from the mouth of your best friend were two completely separate things.

"Gang green hit us?" He finally managed to say. "They hit us and took out thirty of the homies. \_Thirty?\_"

"It was Lamar Davis," Latrell spat. "And his boy Franklin."

"The only Lamar Davis I know," Derrick said confusedly. "Is this retarded ass lanky janky looking mothafuka from Chamberlain."

"That the one."

"Hell fucking nah!"

"Exactly what I said but over four people be singing the same song mang. Gots to be true."

There was little more conversation after this as they pulled into Grapeseed and the scorched sand and shrubbery began to be replaced by the debatably better run down one room buildings and battered sun blasted trucks. Derrick leaned back and sighed deeply. \_What you'd think nigga, \_he thought bitterly, \_that you'd come back and everything would be perfect and easy and just waiting for the picking. You better than anyone should know it's never that easy.

—

"Who's holding things down now?" He asked after several minute of silence.

"Brambles trying to keep things together but shits been so fucked up lately that everyone on some every man for himself shit." Latrell replied as he turned another road and ventured deeper into hick central.

"Oh shit," Derrick said excited. "Brambles be the big homie holding shit down now? No shitting."

Ryan 'Brambles' Jackson was five years Derrick's senior but Derrick knew the man well. He had used to run with Derrick's twin brothers back in the old days and had often spent time at the Meighan house in Derrick's childhood days. It was a stroke of luck. The year he had been arrested the highest OG on Grove Street had been an old hat by the name of Kevin Sanders but not long after he had been incarcerated Kevin had been shot to death outside a Burger Shot. From what he had heard it had fallen to a coterie of younger OG's to run the Grove, but among them was D. Derrick wanted D nowhere around him and the new business opportunities that were in his future, the man was stupid and greedy and untrustworthy. If Brambles was in charge then there was still some hope. The man wasn't too bright from what Derrick could remember but he was solid, Derrick had no problem with that as he intended to be the sole brain of any personal enterprises from now on.

"So whats up g?" Latrell asked giving Derrick a long sidelong look. "What's cracking? Why didn't you tell nobody but me you was jumping the pen today? For that matter why you'd want me to keep it secret?"

In view of past events Derrick now realize that the secrecy had been unneeded but at the time he had no way to have known for sure. He returned Latrell's look wondering how much he could tell him. In the end he decided with the truth. Latrell had been his best friend since the sandbox and in all that time the other had not given Derrick any reason to not trust him.

"I've got something big planned g." Derrick told him unable to hold in his smile of elation. "I met this kat on the inside. White guy that used to buy smokes from me all the time. I stopped him from getting shanked to death by a couple of Mexicans in the shower."

At that Latrel burst out in raucous laughter.

"A good old fashion fight to death for your booty huh big dawg?"

"Man fuck you," Derrick snapped. "But yeah I was telling you this

white boy ain't no normal cracker yo. When he bust the infirmary we began talking. Turns out he on some next level shit. Real talk. This kat be a big man."

Latrell gave Derrick a long curious look before he returned his attention to the road. Derrick chuckled knowing he now had his friend's true attention.

"How so?" Latrell asked turning another lane.

"His name is Dominic Yaxley." Derrick said. "He got nabbed for drug trafficking. Not nothing small time Trell, this nigga got grabbed at the boarder with a van full of white. A van full. Pure uncut white."

It took a second for the implication of what Derrick had said to sink in with Latrell.

"If he's moving that much weight," Latrell said slowly. "Especially across from the boarder then he's got to know someone. You don't get that much weight uncut."

"Exactly." Derrick said with a nod and a laugh. "He didn't mention no names but he's confirmed to me that he's at the top of the food chain. He moves weight directly for a supplier."

He says that because of the crackdown last year his supplier operation has been hit hard and that the big kat is looking to rebuild. If I prove myself trustworthy that he says he can set up a meeting. Bring me on the inside."

Latrell brought the car to a stop and Derrick saw that they were outside the El Burro restaurant. It was a modified rusted trailer with a three step and a rickety sign. There was a three car parking lot and a bike rack all unoccupied. Derrick puzzled at that until he checked the dashboard and saw it was ten fourteen am. After breakfast but before lunch. In small town America those were the true ghost hours. He had time then but still he would need to be quick.

"How do you know this nigga ain't full of shit." Latrell demanded. Derrick snapped his attention back up to his friend. "Niggas say a lot of shit on the inside. Especially when they trying to prove their gratitude. How you know this nigga ain't taking you for a ride? Sounds like a tall tale to me."

"I thought the same thing," Derrick admitted. "But if nothing else Dominic got pull. All the fools that was involved in his stabbing are dead dawg. All of them. Some hang themselves. Others were shot trying to escape. Others choked on their food. But all of them be in the ground now. That guards were involved is definite."

Latrell took that in and chewed over it for a second, biting his lips as he always did when he was deep in thought.

"Still," he said grudgingly. "Lets say he's still someone big. Maybe a white guy with a bit of paper to bribe a guard or two. Or a senator's boyfriend. What prove do we really got that he is what he says?"

"None." Derrick said flatly. "But the nigga seem legit. Even if he's

bullshitting he put me in touch with this friend of his who needs some work done. We gonna be paid for whatever we do at the very least. What we got to lose?"

Latrell had no answer to that so Derrick continued.

"That's the reason I only hit you up cuz. I want to get this shit sorted and verified before I bring it home ya feel me? If it checks out, if we can get an actual supplier on the team..."

He left the rest unspoken for there was no need. Latrell knew as well as he what it meant to actually be in contact with a drug supplier. In the world of the underworld the distributor, the person who bought wholesale from the supplier, was king. It meant massive profits because you were the one who decided the market price of the drug since you were the one who received it wholesale. You could resale it wholesale at a great mark-up or you could cut it and piece it out for even more. It meant less risk. When you moved weight you didn't have to fight tit for tat for streets and corners to make a living no more, the hustlers who fought tit for tat for streets and corners now came to you hat in hand for a decent price for product. You had less police exposure because now you were at the top of the food chain and dealt with less people. It meant less enemies because Vagos, Families, Ballas, Aztecas, or Mara Bunta; it didn't matter. The only thing most gangbanger loved more than blasting enemies was making green and if a price for product was good enough they would rather do business instead of make war. It would give Grove Street a level of power that would see them back on top. With Derrick at the helm of course. The thought caused him to grin.

"Aight cuz I feel that." Latrell held his fist out for a bump. "I'm still a bit unsure but if true. Then damn dawg. Fuck. Beautiful."

The two bumped fist and shared a laugh then Derrick was all business.

"You brought that shit I asked for?" Derrick asked.

"Glove compartment." Latrell grunted.

Derrick opened the compartment and took out a black nine millimetre Hawk & Little pistol. He grimaced down the sight, it was not his first choice of weapon. Automatic pistols were crude, simplistic, and faulty by nature. Revolvers on the other hand...but still a beggar could not be choosy. With a shrug he ejected the clip, checked it over and slapped it back in before chambering it with a resounding \_click-clack\_.

"Damn dawg," Latrell said with a laugh. "Not even an hour out the pen and you already fittin to do some shit. You savage though."

"whatever fool," Derrick said sliding the weapon into his waistband and covering it with his shirt. He made sure his clothes was settled before opening the door and stepping out. "Keep the car running. I won't be long."

"Aight dawg," Latrell replied. "Sure you don't need no backup up in there? You know I stay with my heat." He lifted up his shirt front to

reveal the truth of his words and sure enough in his waistband was a visible gun butt.

"Nah homie. Just keep the shit running. We fittin to raise up out of here quick."

With that Derrick headed towards the diner.

Inside looked as drab and bleak as the outside. It was all hardwood, everything from the flooring to the walls to the long counter. Tables with ratty tablecloth and battered chairs were strategically placed around and three private booths were set up by one wall underneath a window. A ceiling fan spun lazily but did little to diminish from the stifling heat. Three led off from the main room. One was directly behind the counter which Derrick assumed led to the kitchen, the other two would then be to the bathroom and to an office of some sort. A bored looking frumpy woman was behind the counter reading a magazine. She was Latina and looked to be in her earlier thirties but her face was plastered with poorly done makeup and her hair was up in a tight bun both of which added almost ten years on her appearance. Upon hearing the door open she glanced up curious. Upon seeing Derrick her eyes widened almost comically. \_You would have think she's never met a black man before. \_Derrick thought amusedly as he approached. \_In fact in a fucked up hick town like this that's possible. \_

"Good morning." Derrick said with a jaunty smile. He looked down at the small name tag on her right breast. "Anna right?"

The woman nodded her head slowly.

"Coffee and a side of eggs and bacon please." Derrick ordered.

"Cook already left." The woman said hesitantly. "Won't be back until eleven thirty for the lunch crowd. And coffee machine is broken."

"Ok." Derrick said with an arched eyebrow wondering exactly what type of eating establishment didn't have coffee. The place took another nose dive in his opinion. "Can I get a glass of orange juice?"

"I'm sorry we're all out."

Derrick closed his eyes and took a deep breath. His smile had now frozen as his irritation grew.

"What exactly do you have right now?"

"Kidney and steak pie from this morning." She said. "And grits."

"Grits?" Derrick blanched. "In fact you know what, fuck it. Is your boss around?"

"No."

Her reply was too quick for Derrick's liking. It looked like he was doing things the hard way. Fine by him. Without any warning Derrick reached forward and seized the woman by the throat cutting off her scream. A vicious open palm smack to the face stunned her enough for



Derrick to bodily haul her from behind the counter.

"I'll ask one time bitch," He snapped. "Is he in the back?"

"Yes." The woman sobbed out. Derrick briefly considered whether or not killing her was necessary but in the end decided against it. Still holding her tightly by the throat he pulled out his gun from beneath his shirt. The woman gave a horrified sob and suddenly he caught the scent of urine. Wrinkling his nose Derrick reversed his grip on the weapon and slammed the hilt between her eyes as hard as he could. The woman's eyes rolled up and she slumped boneless to the ground. He rose up and made his way to the office door. Taking a firm grip on the pistol Derrick counted to four and then he stomped the door as hard as he could. The thin cheaply pressed wood was no match and the door flew open with a noise loud enough to raise the dead. Inside the office was sparsely furnished. There was a cabinet in one corner and a closet in the next. A desk with a very bewildered looking man sitting behind it took centre stage.

"El Burro?" Derrick inquired.

The man was of Hispanic descent and by Derrick estimation he must have weighed at least two hundred pounds. He had no neck, apparently having trade it all in for double the amount of chin of a regular person. The man was shaved completely bald and was tattooed from the neck going down. He wore a grimy white shirt which did little to hide his bloated gut and a pair of jeans. Derrick noted with amusement that one of the tattoos upon his exposed belly was literally the words El Burro in stylish script.

"Yup," Derrick said with a nod. "El Burro alrighty."

The man stared at Derrick with enlarged eyes and from nowhere sweat had begun to bead his brows. The fear coming from him was almost palpable.

"Whatever they're paying you," The fat man said quickly. He had a slight Midwest accent, like someone who had grown up in Carcer or Liberty city. "I'll double it. I swear."

Derrick laughed and aimed the gun directly between El Burro's eyes. He slowly walked forward.

"You fucked with the wrong people you fat motherfucker," Derrick told him. "But if you have enough I might forget I saw you today."

El Burro hurriedly open up a desk drawer and produced a thick role of bills.

"Five grand," He said. "A down payment. I can get you more. A lot more. Just let me go."

Derrick cocked his head as he was considering it.

"I work with this guy," El Burro babbled. "Mexican guy. A cartel leader. Mr. Madrazo. You know Mr. Madrazo? Martin Madrazo."

Of course everyone knows Mr. Madrazo. He would pay a lot to keep me alive and fuck up anyone who kills me. Just let me go and\_

Derrick pulled the trigger and a mist of brain and blood splattered the chair behind El Burro's head. He slumped down unto the desk, a bloody hole now in the centre of his forehead. Derrick shot him twice more in the back of the head just to be certain. Quickly Derrick pocketed the money and began rifling through the desk drawers. Finding nothing else of value he turned his attention to El Burro and found a leather wallet. Slipping that into his pocket he gave the dead man one last look before turning and running from the room.

End  
file.